



77

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN



TODD MCFARLANE AND IMAGE COMICS PRESENTS...

RELICS



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SPAWN 76 Summary

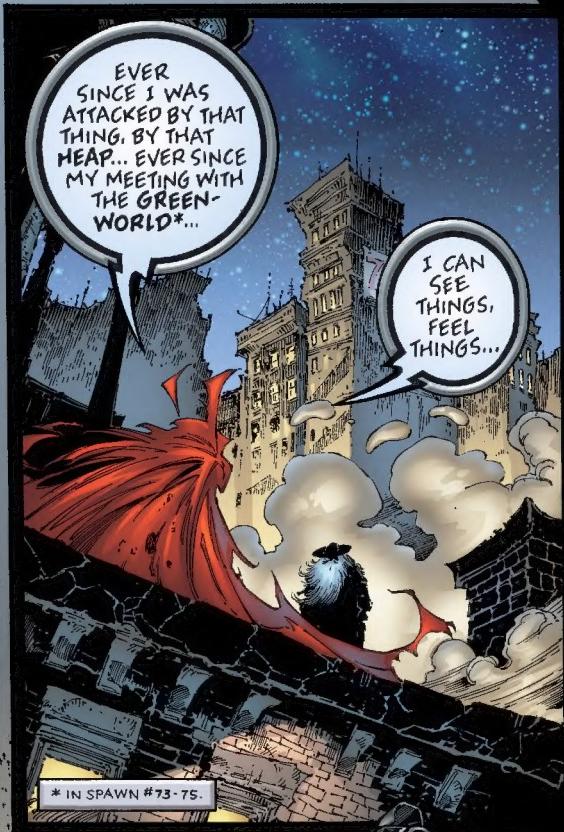
Spawn meets Granny Blake in the cemetery at the gravesite of her beloved husband Jack. There, Granny tells Al about her courtship and marriage to Jack. Al then takes Granny back in time and across another dimension to once again see and hold Jack. Afterwards Mary Blake advises Al to let go of Wanda for now assuring him that they will be together forever because they are soul mates.

*DEDICATED TO
Paul Stanley*

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I WANT
THE
TRUTH.

I WANT TO
KNOW WHAT'S
HAPPENING
TO ME.



* IN SPAWN #73-75.



WHENEVER
I CLOSE MY EYES,
IT'S LIKE ALL THE
DARKNESS AND PAIN
AND SUFFERING IN THE
WORLD AROUND ME
COMES FLOODING
INTO MY MIND.

THEY
TOLD ME
THINGS... THE
KEEPER...
HE SPOKE OF
PROPHECIES, ABOUT
ENDING THE WAR
BETWEEN
HEAVEN AND
HELL...

AND
BOOTSY...
HE WAS REALLY
AN ANGEL AND
HE SAVED ME.
WHY? AND HE SAID
SOMETHING
ABOUT A CHILD...
WHAT DOES IT
MEAN? *

NONE OF
IT MAKES
SENSE.

BUT THE
PAIN... IT'S
SO REAL.
IT'S ALIVE,
LIKE IT'S
HAPPENING
TO ME...

THE
SCALE
HAVE DROPPED
FROM YOUR
EYES, HELL-
SPAWN.

YOU WANT
TO KNOW WHAT
HAS "HAPPENED"
TO YOU, BUT
YOU'VE NEVER
BOthered TO
LEARN WHAT IT
IS YOU TRULY
ARE.

* SPAWN 75.

YOU WANT
ANSWERS,
BUT YOU STILL
HAVEN'T
LEARNED TO
ASK THE RIGHT
QUESTIONS.

ENOUGH!



SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY.

"JESUS, BOOTSY... WHY'D YOU HAVE TO GO AND LEAVE ME? I THOUGHT WE WERE FRIENDS, PALS TILL THE END."

"YOU SAID YOU WOULD LOOK OUT FOR ME, EVEN AFTER YOU WERE GONE. I HOPE YOU MEANT IT, 'CAUSE I AIN'T DOIN' TOO WELL."

"FOR STARTERS, I'M TALKING TO YOU LIKE YOU'RE STILL HERE."

WHISTLER, MIND IF I HANG OUT HERE FOR A WHILE?

WHAT D'YA WANT, BOBBY? I'M KIND OF BUSY NOW.

'SCUSE ME, SIR! SPARE SOME CHANGE?

YEAH, WALK AWAY, YA CHEAP BASTARD.

"IT'S LONELY WITH YOU GONE. NO ONE TO REALLY TALK TO. I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED. GUESS I WAS PRETTY SAUCED AT THE TIME."

"I'M SAUCED A LOT THESE DAYS."

WELL, I GOT A LITTLE HOOCH. THOUGHT WE COULD HANG OUT, SHOOT THE BREEZE...

HOLD THAT THOUGHT-- HEY MISTER! EXCUSE ME, SIR. SPARE A LITTLE DOUGH?

SURE. WHY NOT?

HERE YOU GO.

KAREN MAGS BREW

HEY, THANKS, POP. YOU HAVE YOURSELF A GRAND DAY.

YOU TOO. ENJOY IT WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG.

"I DON'T KNOW, BOOTSY. MAYBE YOU WERE A **REAL** ANGEL AFTER ALL. MAKES AS MUCH SENSE AS ANYTHING ELSE."

"THING IS, IF YOU ARE **UP THERE**, I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU COULD HELP ME OUT A LITTLE."

LISTEN MAN,
NO OFFENSE BUT
I LIKE TO KEEP TO
MYSELF. I AIN'T
LOOKING FOR NO
FAITHFUL SIDE-
KICK, OKAY?

YEAH.

"MAYBE
YOU CAN
SEND ME
A **SIGN**
OR SOMETHING."

GOOD
EVENING,
MA'AM. COULD
YOU SPARE
SOME
CHANGE?

REAL
CHANGE COMES
FROM
WITHIN,
FRIEND.

MY NAME
IS SARAH. I
CAN HELP YOU...
IF YOU'RE
WILLING TO
HELP YOUR-
SELF.

OK, JEEZ. HERE
IT COMES. NO THANKS,
LADY. I CAN TAKE CARE
OF MYSELF.



HOW ABOUT
YOU, SIR? YOU
LOOK LIKE YOU
COULD USE A
FRIEND.

YEAH.
THANKS.
I THINK
MAYBE I
COULD...



SHORTLY.



* LAST ISSUE.

JUST A
LITTLE
FURTHER.

HERE.

TO
PREPARE
FOR YOUR
FUTURE,
SPAWN...

...YOU
MUST FIRST
LEARN YOUR
PAST.

LATER, THE OFFICES OF SAM BURKE AND TWITCH WILLIAMS, PRIVATE INVESTIGATORS.

TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT, TWITCH. I CAN FEEL IT. WE'RE GONNA BRING THAT CRIMSON FREAK IN.

SIR, I THINK YOU SHOULD CALM DOWN.
I'LL CALM DOWN WHEN SPAWN IS BEHIND BARS.
OH MAN, I JUST HOPE THAT SUCKER TRIES TO RESIST.

YOU'RE A BETTER DETECTIVE THAN THIS, SIR. YOU KNOW IT'S UNWISE TO GO INTO A SITUATION LIKE THIS WHEN EMOTIONS ARE HIGH.

CAN IT, TWITCH. THIS SIMMONS BASTARD COST US OUR BADGES. HE'S A MENACE.

I SAY IT'S TIME FOR SOME MAJOR PAYBACK.

IS THAT WHAT YOU SAY? I WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION WE WERE PARTNERS.

YEAH, WELL, PARTNER ... I'M LEAVING. YOU WANT TO LECTURE ME, DO IT IN THE CAR.



I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND SOMETHING, SIR. I AM ONLY HERE TO WATCH YOUR BACK. I DO NOT CONDONE THIS EXCURSION.

FINE. SO NOTED.



"WELL, I ASKED AROUND ABOUT THAT LADY. SOME OF THE OTHER GUYS GOT CARDS FROM HER TOO. SAID SHE SEEMED PRETTY NICE."

"THOUGHT I MIGHT TAKE A CHANCE AND CHECK IT OUT. MAYBE GET A LITTLE HELP. BUT I'M TOO LATE. THE PLACE IS LOCKED UP FOR THE NIGHT."

"SHOULDN'T HAVE GOT MY HOPES UP."

"I MEAN, I HAVE NO ILLUSIONS. I KNOW WHAT I AM. I'M A BUM. A LOSER. JUST SOME USELESS OLD RELIC TOSSED OUT BY THE ROADSIDE."

"AND THAT WAS OKAY WITH ME. I KNEW WHERE I STOOD."

"I ALWAYS FIGURED THAT WHEN YOU GOT NOTHING, YOU GOT NOTHING TO LOSE."

"BUT I WAS WRONG. THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING MORE TO LOSE."

"I GUESS IT'S BACK TO THE SCRAP HEAP WITH THE REST OF THE REJECTS."

HEY!

YOU THERE! MAGGOT! I KNOW YOU. YOU'RE BUDDY-BUDDY WITH SPAWN, AIN'TCHA? WHERE'S HE AT?

Huh?

LISTEN TO ME, LOW-LIFE.

WE GOT THE GOODS ON SPAWN. WE'RE GONNA DRAG THE **BIG RED FRUIT** DOWN TO THE NEAREST PRECINCT HOUSE AND FILL OUT HIS DANCE CARD.

YOU DO NOT WANT TO IMPEDE OUR INVESTIGATION.

EASY, SIR.

I DON'T KNOW, I SWEAR.

BUT, MAYBE YOU COULD HELP ME. MY FRIEND BOOTSY, HE'S GONE. I THINK MAYBE HE WAS ABDUCTED...

I DON'T KNOW... BUT SOMETHING BAD HAPPENED...

WE'RE NOT LAW ENFORCEMENT, BOBBY. IF YOU'RE REALLY CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR FRIEND, YOU SHOULD CONTACT THE POLICE. I'M SORRY.

YOU COMIN', TWITCH?









...AND IT FAILED.

I PURGED THE SYMBIOTE FROM MY FLESH, BUT RATHER THAN FREEDOM, I FOUND MYSELF TRAPPED BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.

HELL CANNOT LAY CLAIM TO ME, BUT NEITHER WILL HEAVEN.

I AM DAMNED TO WALK THIS WORLD FOREVER, UNLESS I CAN FIND A CHAMPION WHO WILL FINALLY BREAK THIS CRUEL CHAIN THAT BINDS US.

I BELIEVE YOU MAY BE THE ONE, AL SIMMONS. THE ONE TO FINALLY END THIS MINDLESS, MERCILESS WAR.

A WAR THAT NEITHER SIDE HAS ANY INTEREST IN ENDING. BUT IT WON'T BE EASY. AND THE COST MOST CERTAINLY WILL BE HIGH.



'SUP,
BOBBY?

HEY,
GUYS. GOT
ANYTHING
TO DRINK?
ANYTHING
AT ALL?

SORRY.
BUT YOU
MIGHT
WANT TO
LAY OFF A
LITTLE. YOU
AIN'T
LOOKIN' SO
GOOD.

"I AIN'T FEELIN'
SO GOOD. MY
HEAD FEELS LIKE
A SACK OF WET
CEMENT.

"CAN'T GET MY
HANDS TO
STOP SHAKING.

HEY,
BERNIE,
CAN YOU
SPARE A
DROP
OF ANY-
THING?

PISS
OFF! I'M
SLEEPING!

"I'M DRY AS A
BONE. ALL I NEED
IS A LITTLE SOMETHING
TO TAKE
THE EDGE OFF.

WHISTLER...
HEY, THAT
YOU?

SLEEPING
IT OFF, HUH?
LISTEN, I
DON'T MEAN
TO BUG YOU
BUT--

"JUST A COUPLE
DROPS TO WET
MY THROAT.

HOLY
CHRIST!
OH MY GOD!

WHISTLER!

NO!

NO!

NO!

IT
CAN'T
BE!

HAAUCH!

"THIS CAN'T BE
HAPPENING.
NOT AGAIN.
BOOTSY, YOU
ALWAYS TOLD
ME IF I HAD
FAITH, EVERY-
THING WOULD
BE OKAY.

"WELL, IT'S NOT
WORKING. THE
TIDE IS RISING
AND I'M SINKING
FAST.

"AND JUST WHEN I
THINK I HIT BOTTOM...

"GOD HELP ME, I
FIND SOME PLACE
LOWER TO GO.

HEAVEN
FORGIVE
ME.





... AND SO I HAVE SPENT CENTURIES WATCHING THE HELLSPAWN RISE AND FALL, SEARCHING FOR SOME WAY TO BREAK THIS DEMONIC CURSE.

IN EACH CASE I HAVE MET WITH FAILURE. LOOK AROUND YOU.



THE REMNANTS OF COUNTLESS WARRIORs, SOME NOBLE, SOME WICKED, MANY OF THEM FOOLISH. ALL OF WHOM HAVE FALLEN TO THIS CURSE.

ALL THESE... CAME BEFORE ME?



YES. THAT ONE IS OF COUNT NOVIA OF ILLYRIA. A MOST SHREWD AND GIFTED STUDENT. HE SERVED AS COURT WIZARD FOR TWO EMPERORS AND A CZAR.

A FEARLESS WARRIOR WITH A KEEN MIND AND AN UNPARALLELED INSTINCT FOR SURVIVAL. BUT NOW HE KNEELS AT THE THRONE OF MALEBOLGIA, JUST LIKE THE REST.

SO WHAT CHANCE DO I HAVE? WHAT CAN I DO?



WHAT ARE YOU WILLING TO DO? I'M AFRAID AFTER ALL THIS TIME, I HAVE FOUND ONLY ONE CERTAIN WAY TO ESCAPE THE CURSE. I DOUBT VERY MUCH YOU'LL LIKE IT.

SPAWN, YOU CAN ACCEPT YOUR DEMONIC NATURE, NURTURE IT, ALLOW IT TO GROW IN STRENGTH AND POWER...

UNTIL SUCH A TIME AS YOU ARE STRONG AND POWERFUL ENOUGH TO CONFRONT THE MALEBOLGIA AND DEFEAT HIM...

...AND TAKE HIS PLACE AS THE KING OF HELL.

KRAK!

WHAT?

ARE YOU TELLING ME THE ONLY WAY TO STOP BEING A HELLSPAWN IS TO BECOME THE DEVIL?!

IT WOULD THEN BE IN YOUR PURVUE TO END THE GREAT WAR WITH HEAVEN AND TO RELEASE ALL SOULS HELD CAPTIVE IN THE LOWER DEPTHS.

YOU COULD BRING PEACE AND SALVATION TO THIS WORLD, BUT YOU WOULD HAVE TO REMAIN ALONE IN HELL FOR ETERNITY, RULING AS ITS SOVEREIGN.

THE ULTIMATE SACRIFICE.



UNFORTUNATELY,
AS YOU GATHER
SUCH POWER, THERE
IS NO GUARANTEE
THAT YOU WOULD
RETAIN EVEN A
SHADOW OF YOUR
HUMANITY.

YOU COULD
VERY WELL
BECOME
ECLIPSED BY
EVIL.

NO!
THIS IS
TOO MUCH!
THERE HAS TO
BE ANOTHER
WAY!

THE ONLY RE COURSE
IS TO REDEEM YOURSELF--
TO GAIN HEAVEN'S FAVOR--
BUT SO FAR THEY'VE NOT
PROVEN VERY
ACCOMODATING.

STILL, I ADMIT I'M
INTRIGUED BY WHAT
BELAZEKIAL, OR "BOOTSY"
AS HE WAS KNOWN TO YOU,
SAID ABOUT A CHILD.
PERHAPS THERE IS--

NO! NO!
NO!

SPAWN,
THERE IS NO
CALL FOR
HISTRIONICS.

SPAWN?!

NO! IT'S
ONE OF THOSE
VISIONS!
SOMETHING
TERRIBLE IS OUT
THERE.

I DON'T...

SOME
DARK
FORCE...

THERE'S
SOMETHING
WRONG...





TO BE CONTINUED...





EMPIRE

Tyrant
Lizard
King